A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Thurſday, March 23. 1710.

IN my laſt I gave you a brief Original of the late MOB— But before I go any farther, give me leave to pay due Reverence to *old Captain TOM*, acknowledging, that his Eminenceſhip is of quite another Family, that He, *as we have hitherto been acquainted with him*, is no Relation, not at all a Kin to, or has any of the Blood of this Beaſt in his Body.

And to purſue this Difference, let me obſerve, That the Rabble, we have been lately inſulted with, have ſhewn us their peculiar Qualifications, other than were ever ſeen here before; as follows.

1. That they began their Inſolencies without the leaſt Provocation, no Laws broke, no Injury offer'd, no Grievance to complain of—A Government regulated by the Laws, and thoſe Laws left by the Sovereign to a free uninterrupted Courſe—No Criminal ſkreen'd from Juſtice, no Innocent ruin'd by the Torrent of Arbitrary Power, and even the Corrections of the Law diſpens'd with Mildneſs, Clemency, and unheard of Moderation. No Mob could riſe againſt ſuch a Government as this, but what muſt come immediately from *Hell*; Nothing but the Devil, who hates Peace, who abhorrs juſt Government, and was always an Enemy both to the erecting of Laws, and to Princes preſerving Juſtice and Truth in their Dominions, *could act in this.* This Mob had no other Cauſe to act for, but

but what Sathan from the Beginning has encourag'd; *Viz.* Tyranny, and Rapin; Vices abhorr'd both in Prince and People.

2. And to prove this, ſee how it was carry'd on, not to redreſs the immediate Grievance they pretended to, tho' that was incoherent and inconſiſtent; for indeed they had no immediate View at all—— But all the Thing before them was Plunder, Theft, and Blood——— Murtherers and Robbers never before made a Mob to redreſs Grievances——— And here pray, let me give you a ſhort Story to which I am a living Witneſs——— In the great Riſing of the Mob at the late Revolution, they came to demoliſh a Maſs-houſe, or rather Seminary of Popery, in an old Building, I think, they call'd *Berkley* Houſe near St. *John's Street*——— They had aſſaulted the Houſe with Stones, and Staves, and ſuch Tools as they had, but could not get the Doors open—— Some of the moſt forward call aloud for Crows or Sledges to ſplit open the Gates, away run a Knot of Fellows down towards *Cow-Croſs* to find out a Smith's, and bringing along with them his great Hammers or Sledges, they ſoon got Enterance ——— When they were broke in, and all Hands buſie to pull down and demoliſh, and as every one ſtrove to be foremoſt, it was not likely the Smith ſhould get his Tools again. Hey, *Jack* ſays one, *Tom* ſays another; why *Jack* you Dog, take care of the Sledges; carry home the Sledges, ſays another; you Dog ſays another, you won't rob the poor Smith! Come here, let's carry home the poor Man's Sledges; away they go, a little Troop, leave their Spoil, and carry'd home the poor Man all his Tools, every one, he did not loſe one; nay, two or three of them lug'd away a great Hinge, with a Piece of the Gate hanging to it, to give the Smith the Iron for the Uſe of the Sledges.

Here the Mob had a viſible End, and they purſu'd it without aiming at any private Perſons Injury; and tho' I do not juſtifie even that very Mob, yet in Compariſon to this they are to be juſtify'd: Theſe, as their Mouths were full of Blaſphemy and Damnation, ſo their Hands were full of Violence and Blood; as they pull'd down the Meeting-houſes, ſo they robb'd the Miniſters Houſes where they could, they ſtole every Thing that was portable; and as they burnt the Pews, Pulpits, *and Bible*, *&c.* ſo they would have burnt the Miniſters, if they could have found them.

Again, their Aim at the BANK was a viſible Teſtimony whither they tended; no doubt, rifling the Bank was as much for the QUEEN, as demoliſhing the Meeting-houſes was for the Church. But of this I ſhall have Room to ſpeak more at large.

At preſent give me leave to ſpeak to thoſe Gentlemen, who amuſe the World with the new Notion, that all this was for the Defence of the Church, and that all the Proſecution of Dr. *Sacheverell* was againſt the Church—— I have often endeavour'd to convince this deluded People, that detecting the Crimes of the Clergy, and puniſhing them, is the true Intereſt and Safety of the Church.

I lately took the Boldneſs to talk to you of a *Plot*, and talk'd of my ſelf as an Informer againſt the QUEEN. I am perſwaded, I have given her Majeſty no Offence in it; but trouble not your ſelves about that, Gentlemen, *leave That and Me to her Majeſty's Mercy.* But ſhall I turn the Tables upon Dr. *Sacheverell* and his Party, I mean that Party, who are angry at having juſt Complaints made at the ſcandalous Vices of the Clergy.

If her Majeſty is engag'd in Behalf of the Church of *England* in a deep and well laid Deſign to weaken the Intereſt of the *Diſſenters*——And that this Project, *God ſpeed her Majeſty in it*, is to put the Beſt, the moſt Pious, Holy, Learned, and Laborious Divines that can be found, into Charges and Dignities in the Church, and none but ſuch, thereby to encourage Learning, Piety, Reformation, and Religion.

For God's Sake then, what Plot muſt you be all in? *You Gentlemen of the High Church*, that ſkreen, defend, own, and protect a diſſolute, prophane, looſe, ignorant, and DEBAUCH'D CLERGY—and that wince and kick, as if touch'd in a ſore Place, when

when these are struck at —— Be not angry, *and if you are, expect it should be contemn'd*, if you are told, you are in a *Plot with the Devil*, to expose Religion, and to pull down, if possible, the Church and Kingdom of Christ in the World; and were it not that your Livery shews you are of another Family, one would think, you were in a Plot with those you accuse, to establish them and ruin the Church of *England*.

It is in vain to use Artifices to fix *the Danger of the Church* upon any Party of Men in this Nation, but your selves; *Error*, *Heresie*, *Atheism*, *Deism*, or *Phanaticism*, put all together, do not the Church so much Mischief as *Devilism*; *VICE* is the Hand maid to *ERROR*, *Crime* ushers in *Atheism*, and an immoral, prophane Clergy always fill'd the Church with prepostrous Principles, *and ever will do so*.

If the Clergy are not Moral, *how should they be Orthodox*; if they *regard not Man*, how should they *fear God*; if they are under *no Discipline*, how should they be *regular*; and if *false* in Practise, how should they be *sound* in Principle —— This makes *honest Men* abhor you, *conscientious Men* forsake you, the *weak* take Offence at you, and the *strong* separate from you —— And hence come *Dissenters* —— Here they began, by this they encreas'd, and by the Continuance of this they are very much supported.

The first violent Breach on the Morals of the Nation was that most infamous *Book of Sports*, licensing by Authority the Breach of the Lord's Day; how many pious, worthy, *yet conforming* Divines left their Pulpits, rather than read *that accurs'd Book*? This was the *English* Son of *Nebat*, that made *Israel* to sin—And as it was a killing Stroak to the Morals of the *English* Nation, we have from it a *Jeroboam Stroak*, grown into a Proverb to this Day, when you express a dead Blow to any thing; *I believe, few think that Proverb had that Original.*

This was the *Jeroboam Stroak* to the Church of *England* indeed; here began the very Thing call'd Dissenting; and tho' the Name of *Puritan*, *Precisian*, and *Phanatick* has been bestow'd, *the Thing* was Dissenting, and nothing else; and it began in Dissenting from a *vitious Clergy*, who joyn'd in with their wicked Superiors in promoting Vice and Prophaneness in the Nation. And *to this Day*, this has been the Encrease of the Number of *Dissenters*; I do not say the *Dissenters* continue separated on no other Account; but I do say, this first drove them headlong out of the Church, and daily drives Multitudes from the Church to them.

They would fain raise a Story, as if the *Dissenters* were in a Plot to draw the mad *High Church* Mob into the late foolish Attempt of demolishing the Meeting-houses —— *It is indeed a mad Story*; but this is a most certain Truth, *tho' a Paradox odd enough*, that however you have shewn your Good-will to have the Meetings pull'd down, you are the Men, who with your own Hands have built them up, and who are daily frighting honest Men from the Church.

Is it not enough to send any well-meaning Man to the Meeting houses, to see *Parson D——n*, lie dead drunk in a Hogstie among the Swine; to hear Dr. *M*—— swear by his Maker, and damn his Neighbours like *a Porter*; to have good Mr. *F——s* of *H——fs*, blaspheme the Sacrament; *K*—— debauch his own Niece; *Pl——ton* write bawdy Songs, and the like; and yet all these remain *Teachers of the People*, Curers of Souls, Favourites of their Diocesan, and dark Lanthorns in the Church —— *The Stones would speak*, and the Ages to come, who will certainly spue these Monsters out of the Church, will rise in Judgment against us, *if we speak not* —— These Men will put the Church into Danger; and if they, and such as they, are not purg'd out, the Church in Time must sink, and fall in her own Ruins —— I see no other Danger the Church is in at this Time, and I humbly submit it to the Judgment of the Parliament *now sitting*, whether what I say favours of any evil Design against the Church, whose Reformation and Restoration I wish from the Bottom of my Soul.

E R.

ERRATA.

REVIEW, N° 149. Page 593. Col. 1. Line 18, 19. read, *her deform'd Carcaſs to, but in vain : She had*, &c. ib. col. 2. l. 12. *Governments*, r. *Government* ; p. 594. col. 1. l. ult. for *Europe*, r. *Envy* ; p. 595. col. 1. l. 7. for *thouſands*, r. *thouſand* ; ib. l. 9. for *Poyſonous*, r. *Poyſons*. Miſcellanea, col. 2. l. 3. after *ſent* add (,) after *Demands* dele (,) ; p. 596. col. 1. l. 2. for *Licenſe*, r. *Licenſes*. In the Advertiſement, l. 14. for Mrs. *Pike*, r. Mrs. *Pye*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHereas great Induſtry has been us'd to ſuppreſs this Paper, by ſeveral Members of a Party, to whom it is particularly Grievous to hear too much Truth ——— By whoſe Art the Publication of it has ſo far been ſtop'd, that none have been to be had, either of the Hawkers, or Shops where other ſuch Papers are ſold.

Theſe are to give Notice, That for the future, over and above the uſual Number deliver'd by the Publiſher, ——— A certain Number ſhall be left at Mr. *Nathaniel Cliff*'s, Bookſeller in *Cheapſide*, near *Mercer's-Chappel*, and at Mrs. *Pye* at the Sign of the *Golden Periwig* at *Charing Croſs* ; where any Gentlemen may be ſupply'd either with ſingle Reviews, or whole Volumes, as they pleaſe.

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THE Monthly Miſcellany, or Memoirs for the Curious, for the Month of *July*, 1709, Vol. III. Containing, Brief Directions for making and preſerving Collections of all *Natural* Curioſities. *De Scarabæis Anglicanis* ; or a brief Account of divers Sorts of *Engliſh* Beetles. Cochineel Beetles or Lady-Cows. *Monachi* or Monk-Beetles. *Scarabæi Antennis Geniculatis*, Beetles with joynted Horns. *Capricorni* or Goat-Chaffers. *Bupreſtes* or Burn-Cows. Beetles as have no Tranſparent or Membranaceous Wings under their Sheaths. Of Aſſurance of our Election. A Holy Life the beſt Evidence of Election. Concluſion by Way of Application. *Gazophylacii Naturæ & Artis, Decades Quinque, &c.* *LONDON*. Printed for *J. Woodward*, in St. *Chriſtopher*'s Church-Yard, *Threadneedle-ſtreet*, and *J. Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall*.

BARTLETT of *Goodman's-Fields*, whoſe Inventions for the Cure of Ruptures have gain'd So Univerſal Eſteem, being Improv'd to ſo great a Nicety, that one of his Steel Spring Truſſes of the largeſt Size, ſeldom Exceeds 4 ounces in Weight, and one of the ſmalleſt rarely exceeds a quarter of an Ounce, and are ſo well adapted to the ſhapes of human Bodies, that they are extraordinary eaſy even to New-born Infants, and Intirely keep up the Ruptures of what Bigneſs ſoever. Alſo divers Inſtruments to help the Weak and Crooked.

He is to be ſpoke with, the Forenoons every Day at his Houſe, at the Golden Ball by the Ship Tavern in Preſcot-Street in Goodmans Fields, London. And the Afternoons at the Golden Ball over againſt Cheapſide-Conduit, near St. Pauls.

N. B. His Mother, the Widow of the ſaid Mr. *Chriſtopher Bartlett*, lives at his Houſe in *Goodman's-Fields*, and is very ſkilful in the Buſineſs of her own Sex.

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